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THE HOME JOURNAL.

WM. J. SLATTER, } PUBLISHED WEEKLY. { PROPRIETOR.
VOLUME 1. WINCHESTER, TENN., APRIL 18, 1857. NUMBER 14.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements of ten lines or less will be inserted at One Dollar for the first and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion.
Very liberal reductions made for those who advertise by the year, half year, or quarter.
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
BLANKS OF EVERY KIND, PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS, FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS, BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS, &c.

Look out for counterfeit \$10 bills on Cape Fear Bank, N. C., which are in circulation.

A well executed \$10 note, purporting to be on the Merchants' Bank of Newbern, N. C., is now in circulation; male portrait on the right—St. George and Cragan on the left—vignette Mercury—all differing from the genuine.

Well executed ones (counterfeit) on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, have made their appearance. Cashier's name in the spurious is engraved.

White's Counterfeit Detector says it is more difficult to keep posted in Indiana Currency than all the other Banking institutions of the United States.

Almost everybody thinks that he could edit a newspaper a little better than anybody else. Yet historians and essayists of high repute have made deplorable failures in this line of literature. They have proved unsuccessful even in writing "leaders," and that is by no means the great work of journalism.

THE LOVER'S TEXT.
The lover has no conscience in his dealing! He gets his due and asks for it again! He is never paid! Something remains, or the coin is hardly to his mind! He accepts it at one moment and rejects it at another—weighs it to the fraction of a grain, and still doubts whether it may not be light! Rings it with such ear as never a tuner of an instrument applied to a string! Scrutinizes mintage with an eye that magnifies a thousand fold! and, after all, suspects, from sheer inability to trust his jealous senses, or for the pleasure of imagining default where he knows none exists, that he may enjoy the reiteration of sweet though uncalled-for warranty!—The frank lips of the maiden have avowed it; "a world" not only "of sighs," but of tears, had affected it; at sudden times had her changing cheeks revealed the fitful mood! and yet he wanted more! more, even though it cost a pang! a pang, but unquestionably commiserated from the knowledge, not only that it was without a cause, but that it was certain of being superfluous by transport! "Defend us," some of our fair readers may exclaim, "from such a lover!" No lover that is not like him is worth a sigh. The thorn is the property of the rose, as much as its blush and breath! They never live asunder.

SENSIBLE YOUNG LADIES.
All ways look before you leap; even into the dim future of years.

The young ladies of Alabama have all agreed to the following:

"We will marry no, 'so styled' young gentleman, who has not learned some business, or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood, for it is apprehended that after the bird is caught it may starve in the cage.

"That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling, for we are assured that his wife will come to want and his children to bare feet.

"That we will marry no young man who is not a patron to his neighborhood paper, for we have thus not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity."

Church Going and Church Accommodations.—New York city, with a population of 620,000, has church room for only 197,000 persons, leaving 432,000 without any church accommodations, did they wish for them. Brooklyn, with a population of 208,000, has sittings for only 71,000, leaving 137,000 unprovided for; and thirteen of the principal cities of this country with an aggregate population of 2,048,785, have church sittings only for 852,436, leaving a deficiency of 1,296,349. The city of London, too, with a population of 2,688,000, has church room for only 800,000 leaving 1,888,000 without an opportunity to join in public worship. These statistics are startling truths, which at first sight, seem to be absurd exaggerations, but a moment's thought will establish their correctness.

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to crack a joke on him asked why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean?—The wagoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered, that the fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

MERIT AND POSITION.
The difference between a man of merit and a man of position is this: the latter is the man of his day the former is the man after his day.

There was a king in England when Shakespeare lived there, and doubtless every child in the realm knew his name familiarly, but how many of them knew the name of the poor play writer? But now almost every child, who speaks the English language knows of Shakespeare and his writings—how many of them know of James and his writings? Very few! Thus the man of high position died with his position and his day; but the man of merit only began to live, when he died.

The author of "Don Quixotte" is known, by his works, throughout the world, but who can tell about the men of position, the king, if a king, or the nobles, or fine gay ladies who lived when Cervantes was writing the adventures of the 'Knight of the rueful countenance.'

Who was Governor of Virginia when Patrick Henry fired his fellow men with his eloquence? Few! Yet every American boy knows of Patrick Henry. And yet we think that the Governor must have been better known in his day than the orator.

Thus it is, position is a thing of to-day while merit is a thing of all time, and when joined to that rarest of things, an upright, blameless Christian life, it becomes a star in Eternity—a never ending light in the Eternal sky of Truth.

APPEARANCES.
A coat that has the marks of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with too smooth a nap and too high a lustre is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken down merchants, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on the ladies indicate to the eyes that are well open the fact of a silly lover or husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel it is a sign that she has fair expectations and a husband that can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gild makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important point.

TO SALLIE.
[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF HER LOVER.]

Oh, claim the heart that you have won!
To you 'tis ever true;
Its strings vibrate for you alone—
It lives alone for you.

There never was one deep felt thought
Of other in this heart;
There ne'er was other name so fraught
With ties that ne'er can part.

Then claim the heart that is your own;
Mine lives alone for thee;
No other person e'er has won
A thought or wish from me.

Though others still I claim as friends,
Thou art the one most dear;
And still to thee my spirit tends,
And loves to linger near.

And thus 'twill be through life's rough ways,
In mem'ry thou wilt shine,
My own bright star of other days—
In mem'ry thou'lt be mine.

The Press and Good Business.—There is no discount on this paragraph:
Some men advertise for a short time after they commence business, and think that it is sufficient; others intermit advertising after they have established a flourishing business by its aid. This is a mistake. From the moment a house ceases to advertise, however large its reputation and standing, it begins to decline. The changes are so rapid in this country, and the public mind is so constantly occupied for new applicants to its favor and its attention, that to be out of the papers where every body seeks for information on every subject, is to be forgotten. The press is daily more and more becoming a necessity, and its usefulness as an advertising medium is as constantly increasing. No man is wise, or just to himself, who undertakes to do business without availing himself of its advantages.

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside to raise potatoes.

From the New York Mirror.
PAY AS YOU GO.
THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—Dr. Johnson said a very wise thing when he advised his friend to pay cash for every thing he bought, ready money being a check upon the imagination. If the lady who is tempted to purchase costly diamonds at Ball & Black's had to count out the "cash on delivery," her jewelry bill at the end of the year would probably be only hundreds instead of thousands. And so in all kinds of business, and among all classes of buyers—abolish the credit system and you do away with extravagance. It is so easy to run in debt; so easy to order a thousand dollar knick-knack, when one only has to say "charge it," that even prudent persons, who mean to be economical, and never go beyond their ability to pay, are constantly led into the purchase of articles they do not need, and for which they sometimes find it difficult to pay.

In the fluctuations of speculative business, based on the pernicious credit system, comparatively few of even the wealthy know how they are coming out at the end of the year. Stocks may go up—or go down—and the result may prove disastrous. The gambling "operator" suddenly "flabbergasts" and his palatial mansion, filled with what Mrs. Partington calls articles of "bigotry and virtue," must be sacrificed to pay his debts and his "differences." The merchant who has sold "a million one time," as we heard a Dry Goods Importer boast the other day, cannot tell whether his house is founded on a rock or on the sand; and there are no men whose property is so securely invested, that their "riches may not take to themselves wings and fly away." No man who runs in debt to-day is absolutely certain of his ability to pay to-morrow—much less three or six months hence. The doctrine of chances and probabilities may favor his hopes; but any one of a thousand accidents may upset all his calculations.

The more we reflect, therefore, the more are we convinced that not money, but credit is "the root of all the evil;" and the only wise system of trade, the only sure remedy for a multitude of social evils, is to be found in the golden maxim: PAY AS YOU GO. Let the rich, who have the cash in hand, begin the reform to-day; and every vein and artery of the social organism would feel a glow of quickening vitality, prompting to all sorts of benevolent actions, leading to the most blessed results. Debt causes a thousand fold more suffering than African slavery; and yet our philanthropic reformers have no sympathy for the exquisite misery it entails; and no voice of rebuke for the evil that produces it. The Southern planter sells his cotton before it is grown; the Northern farmer eats his corn before it is harvested; the merchant realizes his cargo before it arrives; the builder mortgages his house story by story; and everybody "buys on time" in the hope of being richer to-morrow than to-day. And this is the great and radical wrong of society, almost as prolific in evils as

THE RAT TRIBE.—The last number of the London Quarterly Review contained an interesting article on the habits of rats in which the instances given of their ferocity, ferocity and ingenuity, are almost incredible.

A single pair of rats, in three years, if undisturbed, will have thirteen litters of eight each at a birth, and the young will begin littering in the same ratio when six months old, so at the end of the three years a single pair will have multiplied 658,808. Calculating that ten rats eat as much in one day as a man, the consumption of these rats would be equal to that of 64,608 men. It is clear, then, that if it were not for the extraordinary diminution in their numbers caused by the ceaseless warfare carried on against them by dogs, cats, polecats, otters, snakes and beyond all, human rat catchers, the whiskered vermin would speedily cause a famine in every part of the world in which they are found.

Sportsmen may be interested to learn that small shot, when mixed with about one-third its quantity of fine sand, will keep more closely together when fired, and kill at a distance of eighteen to twenty yards further than ordinary.

Many inquiries will be answered by the re-appearance of the following contributor to our columns, after an absence of two or three weeks:
Written for the Home Journal.

THE BELL-BIRD, OR ARAPONGA.

BY MRS. ADELIA C. GRAVES.

There is a little bird in the deep-tangled forests of South America, the notes of which are like the clear, distinct strokes of a bell.

The traveler turns towards the silvery knell,
For it meaneth the stroke of his own village bell,
And sweetly it falls on his listening ear,
With a musical tone that is solemn and clear.

The gaze of fond memory is turning away,
Beyond the salt foam of the wide ocean's play,
And the rover, reclined on a far-distant strand,
Is hurried away to his dear, native land.

He gazes with joy on the low cottage porch,
And turneth his eye to the half-hidden church,
Familiar landscape, so vividly seen,
With hill, dale and forest, so fresh and so green.

Chime again, pleasant bell—'tis the season of prayer,
And the loved of the household are gathering there,
Along by the streamlet, and up thro' the dell,
As their ears catch the sound of the church-going bell.

He seeth them all, from the silver-haired sire,
And the mother he loves, in her Sunday attire,
To the maiden, who sits in a corner, apart,
And shineth the absent one deep in her heart.

He forgetteth the present—once more he's at home—
The land of the stranger no more will he roam;
He will cheer those fond parents and take to his heart,
The maiden, who wept when she saw him depart.

Fond dreamer, look up—and what seest thou here?
No father, no mother, no maiden so dear,
But the tall branching trees of the wide solitude,
And the gay-blooming parasites, draping the wood.

No voices of loved ones are borne to thy ear,
But the bright-painted parrots chattering near,
And the hues of strange plumage, that flash on thy sight,
Recall thee, at once, from each tender delight.

For the prayer and the palm thou wast bending to join,
Among the loved ones that sat in the gathering throng,
Thou hearest, as thou dost the swift arrows of light,
The deepening hum of the insects of night.

Ah! lone one, thou'rt far from the land of thy birth,
And the wide ocean severs from that precious earth,
Weeks, months, maybe years drag their lengthening chain,
Ere thy home and thy dear ones thou seest again.

WINCHESTER, April 10th, 1857.

SINGULAR AND USEFUL FACT CONNECTED WITH THE FIGURES 25 AND 75.—It may not be generally known that any sum can be multiplied by 25 by simply adding two ciphers to the multiplicand, or sum to be multiplied, and then by dividing by 4. Take, for example, 68, and multiply it by 25; two ciphers being added make 6800, which sum being divided by 4 gives the quotient, or answer, 1700. The reason why the amount is thus obtained is as follows: Two ciphers being added to 68 have exactly the same effect on that sum as if it were multiplied, by 100, and that sum multiplied, being divided by 4, gives the fourth part, or amount due to 25. Any sum may also be multiplied by 75 by the same rule, in the following manner: To the sum to be multiplied, say 68, add two ciphers, which make 6800, divide by 4, which gives 1700, or fourth part, and the 1700, or fourth part, being subtracted from the aforesaid 6800, leaves the remaining three-fourths, or amount due to 75.

LOVE.—As love will oft make a Wise man act like a Fool, so will Interest often make a Fool act like a Wise man.—Greville.

LOVE.
On what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Thou'st grown the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breathed it too.—Moore.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
—Shakespeare.

Affections, like the Conscience, are rather to be led than drawn; and 'tis to be feared, they that marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

A farmer returning home in his wagon, after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from the earthquake; he thought even the earthquake would respect our flag.

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was totally ignorant. "Name it, madam, name it," said he, exultingly, "just you name it, if you can." "Why it is a very simple rock, too," said the lady. "Well, well, give it a name," cried the impatient old stick. "Well, sir, its name is—rock the cradle!" Here was a sell! Old Bach bolted instanter.

The editor-in-chief of the London Times has the same salary as the President of the United States—\$25,000.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

Right Rev. Bishop Clarke, says the Baltimore American, is stated to have delivered recently a lecture on the above subject, in which occurs the following passage; whether intended for prophecy or satire, however, we are not exactly able to determine:

"Fifty years hence the newly married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night.

"In traveling, as great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be a splendid locomotive hotel flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.

"Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles there will be, fifty years hence, a net work underground, and under the bottoms of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the electric battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where now men hazard their lives and wear out their lonely days.

"Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but he will sit down to the newest invented chirographical instruments, and putting his fingers on the keys, write as fast as he can think."

Never say anything before your children which you do not wish repeated, is advice that parents should heed if they would avoid frequent mortification. As an illustration, read the following pleasing incident which we find in one of our exchanges:

"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked a young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin aforesaid.

"Yes, I gave it to her," was the innocent reply, "and she said if you were not a natural born fool, you wouldn't come on Monday morning, when everybody was washed!"

At this juncture, mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when, to her surprise, Mr. Verisopht, the visitor, bolted!

"What does the man mean?" inquired mamma.

"I dunno," replied Bud, "guess he's forgot something."

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the respect and love of womankind. A man who is always sneering at woman, is generally a coarse profligate or a coarse bigot, or—an old fogie.

LIQUOR.—Secretary Guthrie's great work called "Report on the Finances" of the U. S., recently published, contains a table of all kinds of liquors imported into the United States, during the year ending June 30th, 1856, the total amount being nearly nine millions of gallons, costing over six millions of dollars to the importers, and probably costing the drinkers fully nine millions of dollars. But all this probably, falls far short of the quantity manufactured at home. It is plain, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, that in spite of temperance societies, liquor laws, and moral reforms of all kinds, we are still a hard drinking people, and likely to continue so. The only encouraging thing that we see in Mr. Guthrie's figures, is that there seems to be a growing taste for malt liquors and light wines, in preference to the pernicious spirits which we used to consume so lavishly.

WEALTH OF CABINET.—A New York paper estimates the wealth of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Gen. Cass, | \$2,000,000 |
| Howell Cobb, | 500,000 |
| Jacob Thompson, | 1,000,000 |
| John B. Floyd, | 500,000 |
| Timothy Black, and Brown, | 500,000 |
| Total | \$4,500,000 |

BATHING.
Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or in winter, that ought to be done with soap, warm water, and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of recreation in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man, or woman, should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of the family physician. Many a man, in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; ay, it is done every day.

The best, safest cheapest, and most universally accessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing with soap, warm water, and hog's hair brush, is as follows.

Soon as you get out of the bed in the morning wash your face, hands, neck, and breast; then into the same basin of water, put both feet at once, for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened, by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let this whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night when you go to bed, and when ever you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands, as far as you can reach, in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin, which is essential to health, and which too frequent washings will always destroy.

That precaution is necessary, in connection with the bath room, is impressively signified in the death of an American lady of position, lately, after taking a bath soon after dinner; of Surgeon Hume, while alone, in a warm bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances, all within a year.—Holt's Journal of Health.

Dr. Franklin observes: "The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine house nor fine furniture."

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me afire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are two green to burn."

An extensive planter, who has recently examined a large number of plantations in the parish of St. Mary's, La., assures the N. O. Bee that the prospect of the next sugar crop is magnificent, and was never finer than at present.

An editor of a Cincinnati paper was recently assaulted and robbed of \$78—His brothers of the quill express a great deal of sympathy for him but hardly know what to think of his having so much money about him. It is a little odd.

A horse dealer, describing a used up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily newspaper!"

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge?—One is water in the pitcher, the other is pitcher in the water.

What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from Eden? They raised Cain.

Gen. Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dresy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass.

"Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

"Why, General?"

"Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

A Crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had traveled from. "I came straight from London," replied he. "Indeed!" said the other, "then you have got terribly warped on the way."

A late San Francisco paper says that the churches there have determined to sing no more long more tunes—they being too slow for the country and people.